

## til sunbeams find you... by martygalwrites

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** F/M

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Mike Wheeler

**Relationships:** Eleven & Mike Wheeler, Eleven/Mike Wheeler

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2018-02-15

**Updated:** 2018-02-15

**Packaged:** 2022-04-21 15:07:04

**Rating:** General Audiences

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 1,614

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

On February 1st, when the halls of Hawkins Middle were suddenly adorned with pink and red metallic hearts and streamers, Mike got an idea.

He spent the first two weeks of the month trying to figure out what all of El's favorite things were. Because his grand idea was to get her as many of them as he could. So, when he was with her for the three afternoons out of the week he spent on Hopper's couch doing his homework, he did some research. He knew she liked Eggos (duh), but that was the obvious, predictable move. He wanted to be creative.

OR

This is what happened when I listened to Dream a Little Dream of Me at like 1 am.

## **til sunbeams find you...**

### **Author's Note:**

Happy Valentines Day, pals!!!! Anyway, I wrote this last night at 2 am so here it is. Please enjoy <3

On February 1st, when the halls of Hawkins Middle were suddenly adorned with pink and red metallic hearts and streamers, Mike got an idea.

The bulletin board across from the cafeteria that the student council was putting the finishing touches on reminded him of how much he always hated Valentine's Day. All the girls started to get all weird about it the second they all grew out of passing out valentines to their entire class. Everything was heart shaped and there were balloons everywhere. He hated it all.

But he hated it most of all last year, because... well... because he had bought one of those stupid candy grams. When the student council member he bought it from insisted on sending it instead of just giving it to him, he had used a few choice words that resulted in a write up slip and a stint in detention that afternoon. When he biked home around 4:30, he settled for plucking one of the roses out of the bouquet in Nancy's room when she wasn't around. Not that it even mattered... but that was all behind him now.

He spent the first two weeks of the month trying to figure out what all of El's favorite things were. Because his grand idea was to get her as many of them as he could. So, when he was with her for the three afternoons out of the week he spent on Hopper's couch doing his homework, he did some research. He knew she liked Eggos (duh), but that was the obvious, predictable move. He wanted to be creative.

He noticed how attentively she watched her shows, her gaze unmoving from the TV. He noticed the stuffed bear that sat with her on the couch. He noticed her humming alone to the soda ad that came on every commercial break. He noticed the slight sad twinge in her eye when he had to go home for dinner when his watch read 5:30. He noticed a lot of things, maybe even more than normal. But

nothing stuck out to him.

By the day of, he was scrambling. He couldn't pay attention in class. tapping his pencil on his paper while his mind whirled at top speed. Flowers were too damn expensive. The shelf that was full of candy at the grocery store yesterday was empty this morning. He debated on just buying one of those stupid candy grams again, but when he walked near the table, the student council kids eyed him suspiciously. He had nothing. He paced around in his basement after school - on the verge of admitting defeat and asking Nancy for help, of all people - when he saw them. Old, dusty, vinyl records and 45s that his mom used to play when she did housework.

He grabbed the crate, and as he was thumbing through them, he remembered that he always like when she would turn them on. Glenn Miller, some Ella Fitzgerald, Elvis, Frank Sinatra, even a newer looking Four Seasons record. Sure, they were old and sappy, but they reminded him of his mom. And being happy and carefree. He couldn't remember the last time she had actually put this stuff on, it was definitely way before Holly was around. But he missed it. It was pretty music. Pretty, like...

Without thinking twice, Mike grabbed an armful of the records and dashed out the basement door. His mom wouldn't even notice they were gone. El would use them a lot more, he thought. Cooped up in that stuffy cabin. Maybe it would give her something to sing along to when she was alone, the way she kept humming to that soda ad.

About 30 minutes later, when he skidded to a stop and attempted to slow his breath in front of Hopper's cabin, he noticed his truck was gone, which was weird. It was after dark, he should be home... but Mike wasn't planning on being any trouble, like usual. He just wanted to drop these off so El could have pretty songs to hum along to when she felt like it.

He flew up the stairs, taking them two at a time. He knocked on the door once, and didn't hear a response. He knocked again, louder this time, and then he remembered the code she had taught him a couple of months ago. Once he knocked in code, he heard the locks all click open at once and El stood in front of him wearing a worn old sweatshirt and some pajama pants. Her brow was furrowed, but once

she realized it was him, her eyes lit up. She looked pleasantly surprised to see him, because he normally came on different days at a different time. She looked like she'd just rolled out of bed, her hair sticking out in every direction. It would take him a while before he told her he thought her hair was incredibly cute that way.

"Did I wake you up?"

"Yeah," she answered, "I got bored, and... what are you doing here? It's Thursday," she reminded him.

"Well, today is actually Valentine's Day,"

"I know,"

"And I wanted to get you something,"

She looked perplexed, eying the stack of records in his hands, and moved out of his way so he could step inside. He kept talking.

"Except I don't have a lot of money and I didn't know what to get you, especially since you aren't at school with us yet. So, I was looking around in my basement..." *you're rambling...* "and I found these. they're my mom's - or they used to be. It's old music..." *geez, you're doing an excellent job of making this sound like the lamest gift ever given...* "but not in a bad way! My mom, she used to play these while she cooked and they're really pretty and when I was thinking about how she used to sing them and dance around the kitchen, I thought you might like to have them."

He took a breath after what felt like one of the world's longest run on sentences, but El didn't seem to mind. Somehow, she knew he still had more to say, and her expression softened and she nodded for him to keep going.

"I thought you might like something better to hum along to that those irritating soda ads,"

She smiled and stifled a laugh. Good sign.

"Or, you know, whatever weird stuff Hop keeps over there," he said, gesturing over to the record player that sat by the window.

She laughed at that one. Really laughed.

“Thank you,” she smiled, taking the records from his hands and starting to shuffle through them. “You didn’t need to get me anything,”

“I know that, and I know it’s not the type of stuff the characters on your shows get for Valentine’s Day, but -”

She turned back to him abruptly, and planted a soft kiss on his left cheek.

“Thank you,” she repeated, slower this time. “Now, tell me which one is your favorite.”

“Uh...” he stalled, he really didn’t know.

“Which one am I playing first?”

When Hopper came through the door 30 minutes later, his brow furrowed upon finding Mike’s bike abandoned by the porch, he found them in the kitchen. Mike was digging through a drawer looking for spoons, and El was half inside the freezer searching for the ice cream. He had half a mind to scold them, El knew she wasn’t supposed to have any friends over when he wasn’t there. And ice cream before dinner was definitely a conversation they had had before, on several occasions actually. But he noticed the record that was on, and decided to hold off. He was going to let it slide, just this one time.

“Hey,” he said in a sing-song tone, letting them know he was in the room and that El had left the door unlocked. Mike jumped, but El continued on digging for the ice cream, humming along to the song coming from the record player.

*Sweet dreams ‘til sunbeams find you...*

“This is an old one...” he prodded. He knew he didn’t own that one. He stepped over to the pile of records sitting on the kitchen table, running his fingers over them. “Where did you get these?”

*Sweet dreams that leave all worries behind you...*

"Mike gave them to me," she answered, putting two bowls on the kitchen table, and holding a third. Mike still sat back, wide eyed, looking like a dog who knew they did something wrong.

"Do you want some?" she asked.

"You probably shouldn't be eating that," Hopper answered, and her face faded into an irritated eye roll - a recent development in her always expanding bank of expressions. But when he pulled a box of chocolates out from behind his back, her face lit up. "Because if you do, who am I gonna get to finish these off with me?"

*But in your dreams, whatever they be...*

And so they sat. El, Mike, and Hopper around the dinner table. All exchanging stories of their days and guessing what type of filling the next chocolate was going to have. When Hopper offered to drive Mike back to his house, he let El ride along with them - just this once. And he pretended not to notice when Mike kissed her on the cheek and whispered "Happy Valentine's Day," while slipping out of the car. When they got back home, El was immediately drawn back to the record player.

"This one's my favorite, I think," she said, setting the needle down, and then wandering into her room, humming the tune the whole way.

*Dream a little dream of me...*

### **Author's Note:**

Ugh see, I'm such a sap about music.

Be my friend on tumblr if you want!!  
@martiegalwrites :)

And thank you, as always for the kind words!!!